

## L. &amp; N. Time Card

In effect Monday, Dec. 31, 1906.

SOUTH BOUND			
TRAIN	LV. LOUISVILLE	AR. LEBANON	
No. 27	7:00 am	9:12 am	
No. 23	8:15 am	10:04 am	
No. 79	5:05 pm	7:40 pm	
No. 21	6:28 pm	8:15 pm	
No. 93	6:30 pm	9:00 pm	
NORTH BOUND			
TRAIN	LV. LEBANON	AR. LOUISVILLE	
No. 24	5:48 am	7:50 am	
No. 78	7:32 am	10:15 am	
No. 22	4:30 pm	6:55 pm	
No. 22	6:28 pm	8:15 pm	
No. 92	7:32 pm	10:15 pm	

Nos. 92 and 93 are Sunday trains only.

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First-Class Table  
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Fistula, Poll-evil, Spavin or any surgical work done at fair prices. I am well fixed to take care of stock. Money due when work is done or stock removed from stables.

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## QUEER WEDDING GIFTS.

One Couple of Mature Years Received a Pair of Coffins.

An Englishman extremely fond of hunting received as a wedding gift from an anonymous person a complete set of false limbs a set of artificial teeth and a couple of glass eyes, to procure all of which the sarcastic donor must, of course, have put himself to considerable expense. Accompanying these strange presents was a note wherein the hope was expressed that, by reason of the recipient's many falls while following the hounds, some or all of these substitutes might ultimately prove of use. As the bridegroom had incurred much enmity while holding office under his government, it was supposed that these gifts came from a disappointed office seeker.

A well known American writer received from a rival man of letters a scrap book wherein were carefully pasted and indexed many hundreds of clippings containing adverse criticisms touching the former's work, and a popular artist was presented with a set of elementary works upon self instruction in drawing and painting.

Some years ago in the west an elderly, crusty merchant on espousing a splinter of mature age was presented by an undertaker with two coffins for himself and wife, a letter which accompanied these ghastly gifts stating that they would, unlike most of the other offerings received, be sure to be of service. Naturally enough the bridegroom resented this singular if useful gift, and it took all the efforts of mutual friends to prevent a breach of the peace.

Like vexation was no doubt felt by an infirm octogenarian in Ohio who wedded a pleasure loving woman more than fifty years his junior. The present in this case was a large brass cage, "intended," so the inevitable accompanying letter stated, "to restrain the wayward flights of a giddy young wife who has married a decrepit old fool for his money."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## PIRATES OF HONGKONG.

They Are the Real Old Fashioned Bloodthirsty Kind.

There are pirates in Hongkong—not the usual kind that greet the gentle stranger with an expansive smile and take what he has for worthless rubbish, nor yet the petty thieves that go by that name on our own water fronts, but the real old fashioned, murderous kind, who count not the victims as they reckon the spoils.

Of course they do not swagger in costume, as all real pirates should, or ply their trade in Hongkong's immediate waters, but among the thousands of fishermen, stevedores and coal handlers that crowd the harbor's edge they mingle and gossip water front news, knowing well when a particularly rich cargo is due from the interior.

And in the purple twilight a junk darts out of one of the many estuaries far up the West or Pearl river and swoops with the suddenness of a hawk on the heavily laden prize. The struggle is short. Over the hills on the naked backs of a swarming crew the loot disappears forever from a smoking hulk in the rice swamps, or, as happened in the case of the Sainam, half a hundred take passage in the crowded hold of a river steamer and when the handful of unsuspecting whites gather at dinner raise a heathenish yell on the startled air, and the ship is taken. Rifles thrust through bolted doors subdue the pitiful fire that lasts a little while from behind the shot torn tablecloth, but the ship is already headed for the bank by the quartermaster with a rifle at his ear, and one more tragedy is added to the long list of crimes on the Sikiang.—W. J. Aylward in Harper's Magazine.

## Suicide by Swallowing Gold.

Suicide by swallowing gold is sometimes accomplished in China. The following is an authoritative account, written by a very learned Chinese for the Westminster Gazette, of how this much contested form of suicide is accomplished:

"In swallowing gold it is not loose gold leaf or gold dust that is swallowed, but a solid lump of gold, or even a gold ring, weighing about half an ounce. Gold is not at any time of a corrupting nature, but when a lump of it is swallowed and gets into the bowel it falls, on account of its intrinsic weight, to rise and surmount the convulsions of the bowels and can therefore never complete its passage. After two or three days it therefore sinks through the bowel and destroys life without any suffering."

## An Unfortunate Response.

The problem of too many churches in a given locality is often a perplexing one. It is said that the churches in a certain village, on opposite sides of the streets, were so close that when the congregation in one church sang "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?" the congregation in the other church promptly responded, "No, Not One; No, Not One." Fortunate is it if the seeming contradiction is confined to the unintentional inharmonious responses in songs.—Lippincott's.

## Table All Right.

"Do they have a good table?" asks the prospective guest.  
"It is first rate," answers the man who has just returned—"solid oak, with heavy legs and a polished top."—Judge.

## A Question of Gifts.

"Why did you deliberately make an enemy of your old friend Jinks?"  
"Because he is to be married next month."—Lippincott's.

## HELPING HUMANITY.

Father and Son Viewed Conditions From Opposite Standpoints.

Twenty years ago, says the Chicago Advance, a discouraged young doctor in a large city was visited once by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"  
"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened reply. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day he went with his son to the free dispensary, where the young doctor had an unsalaried position and where he spent an hour or more every day. The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor while he bent his skilled energies to the task, but hardly had the door closed on the last patient when the old man burst forth: "I thought you told me that you were not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning I would thank God my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed. "Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow men? Never mind about money. You go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow men."

## SHREWD VICTOR HUGO.

Quiet Way in Which He Bullied the Theatrical Managers.

Here are the methods which Dumas the elder and Victor Hugo employed when they had a new play to offer to the theater. Dumas would write to the director of the Porte St. Martin:

My Dear Friend—I shall bring you on Monday a play in five acts. I shall need Mlle. Georges, Mme. Dorval, Bocage, Lockroy, Provost and five new scenes.

This extravagance would alarm the director, who would put off the production of the play till better days.

Then Victor Hugo would appear and shyly draw a manuscript out of his pocket. He would agree to everything. The stock company would play his piece admirably, since all he wanted was a good ensemble; no new decorations would be needed nor any change at all.

So the piece would be read, and as the roles were distributed Hugo would say musingly, "Dieu, how fine Frederick would be in that part!" "That is true," Horel would murmur, and a few days after he would announce that Frederick was engaged. Hugo would then remonstrate that this destroyed the equipage of the cast, and Raucourt, Laferrere and Mlle. Georges would be engaged. Then Hugo would attack the stage setting. Old scenes that the public had tired of were almost an insult to these great artists. If Horel showed reluctance at this, Hugo would threaten to withdraw his piece. And so the game would go on till, little by little, Hugo had obtained everything he wanted, even to the changing of the paper hangings in the stage boxes.

## Australia's Stony Desert.

The great stony desert of north Australia was discovered by Captain Sturt, an Australian explorer, in 1845-6. It is north of the river Darling and is about 300 miles long and 100 broad, consisting of sandy dunes or ridges. Its want of trees, except along the creeks, gives the country a sterile appearance. These ridges were probably formed by the joint effect of winds and a gradually retreating sea. According to Captain Sturt, these waters were gradually lost by evaporation or carried to some undiscovered sea. The only vegetation, growing scantily, is prickly acacias in full bloom, all of stunted growth. Water is scarce except in the creeks which are sheltered, and this is generally brackish. Few travelers care to traverse this inhospitable desert.

## A Quick Lie.

Presence of mind recently saved an eminent actor his gold watch and chain. While crossing a bridge in a thick night mist a suspicious looking man suddenly loomed up out of the obscurity.

"Can you tell me the time, gov'nor?" he gruffly inquired.

"You are too late, my dear sir," replied the actor suavely. "A gentleman who passed a minute ago stole my watch!"—Exchange.

## The Aftermath.

Mrs. DuPuy—I was so surprised to hear that Edith and Mr. Sissingham were married. You know they always used to claim their attachment was merely platonic. Mrs. Kolkremes—Yes, I remember. But now, I fear, they wouldn't claim it was even that.—Lippincott's.

## Exercise.

Walking, we are told, is a good exercise—better than riding in an automobile. The trouble is that a great many of us are not looking for exercise.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

## A Forecast.

Jones—What do you think will be the end of the woman question? Brown—There won't be any end. They'll always be asking 'em.

Praise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

## BROKE UP THE HABIT.

A Woman Who Found a Simple Remedy For a Big Annoyance.

"What has become of those two children who visited you so often?" asked one west side woman of another. The other smiled discreetly.

"They are the children of my niece, and she was making a convenience of me. Of course I love the children, but I never allow myself to become much of a victim of imposition. My niece is an extremely gay young widow, and she does not like to take care of her children. She is fond of shopping, matinees, afternoon teas and everything, in short, which takes her away from home, and she got into a habit of sending her children over to my house for me to take care of whenever she wished to gad about. I decided it was time to break up the habit, for her own good and that of the children, as well as mine, so I did."

"I suppose that made your niece angry?"

"Oh, no; it couldn't. I never said anything about it. The last time the children came over I spent the afternoon teaching them verses from the Bible, and they didn't find it sufficiently entertaining. They never came back. Just how they managed to work it out with their mother I do not know, but I suppose they struck or begged off. Of course she could not object to what I had done, and it proved a very simple solution."—New York Press.

## AN ASTOR DEAL.

The Only Time That Old John Jacob Sold Real Estate.

"One of the most stringent real estate rules of the Astor family is 'never sell,' and only one sale is recorded in the entire life of old John Jacob Astor," said Niles F. Watkins, a real estate broker of New York. "In 1830 Astor tore down his house in Broadway, cleared the whole block from Vesey to Barclay street and built the huge Quincy granite hotel known as the Astor House, which was one of the first notable landmarks in New York and also one of the best paying pieces of property."

"A few days after it was finished the old gentleman and his eldest son, William, were walking through City Hall park, where the postoffice now stands, and stopped a moment to admire the building, the finest hotel in America at that time."

"Pop, that's a mighty fine building," said William. "I wish to gracious it was mine."

"So?" answered the father. "Well, Billy, give me \$1 and you can have it." "Out came the dollar—a big silver dollar that is cherished by the family to this day—and within an hour the deed of the property was made out and recorded. This was old Mr. Astor's only sale of real estate in his life."—Washington Herald.

## A Solomon-like Decision.

A Rhode Island justice was called upon to determine the ownership of a brood of turkeys. The flock, consisting of fifteen young ones, was mothered by two hens, a white one and a bronze, and had been running for quite a time over two adjoining farms. The owner of the white hen declared that the turkeys were his, while the man who owned the bronze hen asserted just as positively that they belonged to him. The justice was puzzled. At last a witness came forward who swore that he had seen a dog chase the flock; that at the dog's approach the young birds flew up into a tree and the bronze hen took to the woods, but the white hen turned and gave battle to the dog. The justice thereupon decided that the owner of the white hen was also the rightful owner of the brood of young turkeys.—New York Press.

## A Woman's Wit.

The husband of Lydia Childs was an invalid for many years. He was not well off in this world's goods, and much of the support of the family was earned by the wife. Thinking of this and of his wife's many sacrifices for his comfort, Mr. Childs once said to her regretfully, "My dear, I wish I were Croesus."

Whereupon Mrs. Childs, with ready wit and gracious tact, responded, "You are Croesus, for you are king of Lydia."—Los Angeles Times.

## Imaginary Pains.

Don't laugh at hysterical people with their imaginary pains, says a physician. A "delusion" is reality to the sufferer. When one believes one has a pain one has the pain. All pain is in the brain, and to believe one has it is to have it. It matters not a whit whether the message is sent by one's toe that some kind friend is treading on or whether it is sent from one part of the brain to another.—New York Tribune.

## Unmoved.

"I understand your antagonist is calling you every name he can think of?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum cheerily. "But he hasn't much of a vocabulary."—Washington Star.

## Much in Little.

Tommy—Pop, what does multum in parvo mean? Tommy's Pop—Multum in parvo is Latin, my son. It means—er—well, haven't you ever seen a fat woman in a bathing suit?—Philadelphia Record.

## Distinction.

Milly—Is this picture like your father? Tilly—Of course not, silly! It is like father when he has his picture taken.—Puck.

## Summer Clearance Sale.

Following our usual policy to rid our stock of discontinued patterns, short lots, odds and ends we have inaugurated our  
**Summer Clearance Sale.**

If you visit Louisville, get acquainted with our cut prices on

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Cemetery work of all kind....

See US before you buy....

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Main Street,

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## Nature Faking Again.

A commercial traveler driving from town to town through the pine woods of Florida saw a drove of emaciated razorback hogs rushing widely from tree to tree. He halted at the palings of a "cracker's" home, and asked a woman in a sunbonnet what was the matter with the swine.

"Well, yon see," the woman explained, "my old man is deaf and dumb, and when he wanted to call the hogs to their swill he learned them to come when he tapped on one of the trees. It worked all right when they first got learned, but now them woodpeckers is makin' the poor things run their legs off."—Everybody's Magazine.

## Pinchot Wise to Protection.

Ex-Forester Gifford Pinchot has ideas on other things beside conservation. At a dinner given recently he declared that the nation had lost confidence in Congress because it represented special interests rather than the people. Continuing, he said: "And of this there could be

no better illustration that the tariff. The tariff, under the policy of protection, was originally a means to raise the rate of wages. It has been made a tool to increase the cost of living.

"The cotton cloth schedule was increased in the face of the uncontradicted public testimony of the manufacturers themselves that it ought to remain unchanged.

"The steel interests by a trick secured an indefensible increase in the tariff on structural steel.

"The sugar trust stole from the government like a petty thief, yet Congress, by means of a dishonest schedule, continues to protect it in bleeding the public." (Republican papers, please copy.)

## Staggers Skeptics.

That a clean, nice fragrant compound like Bucklen's Arnica Salve will instantly relieve a bad burn, cut, scald, wound or piles, staggers skeptics. But great cures prove its a wonderful healer of the worst sores, ulcers, boils, felons, eczema, skin eruptions, as also chapped hands, sprains and corns. Try it 25c at Pauli drug Co.

Last year Great Britain cut its liquor bill \$54,000,000, yet nobody died of thirst.

## Why Suffer?

Are you one of the thousands of women who suffer from female ailments? If so, don't be discouraged, go to your druggist and get a bottle of Wine of Cardui. On the wrapper are full directions for use.

During the last half century, Cardui has been established in thousands of homes, as a safe remedy for pain which only women endure. It is reliable, contains no harmful ingredients and can be depended on in almost any case.

Take **CARDUI**

It Will Help You

Mrs. Charles Bragg, of Sweetser, Ind., tried Cardui. She writes: "Tongue cannot tell how much Cardui has done for me. Before I began taking Cardui I could not do a day's work. I would work awhile and lie down. I shall always give praise to your medicine." Try Cardui.

AT ALL DRUG STORES